

Good Morning 303

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



FASHION CROOKS ARE TRAPPED

"FASHIONS" are big business!

Before the present war, in France, Britain and the United States, vast sums of money changed hands every year in the scramble to get the finest and newest designs in women's clothes.

France, as you probably know, gained the biggest reputation, with Paris as its centre. Since the collapse of France the United States have tried hard to command this special field, but Britain, to the surprise of many, has proved that she has some of the finest designers.

Actually, before the war, a large number of France's outstanding fashion geniuses came from Britain. Perhaps, then, when peace does return and the world drags order from the present chaos, Britain will hold premier place in the world of fashion. Many experts believe so.

Bearing in mind the large fortunes that have been made out of women's fashions, and will be made when coupons are a thing of the past, it is not surprising to learn that several crook organisations, from time to time, have attempted to "break in" on the business and make considerable sums of money.

In the years before the war, well-known Parisian fashion houses often had to call in the assistance of the police. Perhaps one of their best clients would go to a fashion show, see a model she admired, and pay a considerable sum for the gown. Then, when walking down the street, she might, a few weeks later, see a little typist with an exact copy of the "exclusive model" for which she had paid so much.

A "show-down" would follow. The firm would claim that their model was exclusive, but usually the client would not believe the firm's plea, and take her custom elsewhere.

When this scene became frequent, the police were called upon, and investigations showed that the copies of the gowns were made by a new entrant to the business.

The police kept a careful watch upon those running the business, but they did nothing out of the ordinary. They went to fashion shows, but conducted the business in a normal manner.

But a smart fashion designer, who had volunteered to try and catch the fashion

(From
Ralph Robertson)

crooks, when several of her own creations were stolen, brought the guilty people to book.

She was walking around the salon, where detectives had, unknown to the customers, taken up position. Very carefully she studied all the prospective clients.

Most of them looked harmless enough. A party near the window, however, attracted her attention. At least, however, the smart-looking man with the big walking-stick.

No matter where the model wearing the newest creation might walk, the man pointed his walking-stick. She also noticed that the woman sitting next to him always kept her handbag centred upon the model.

She then made towards the party and "accidentally" knocked over the man's walking-stick, fell upon the woman, and also sent to the floor the handbag she appeared to value so highly.

In picking up bag and stick, the designer had a hurried look, and found her suspicions justified. Inside both, so placed that pictures could be taken of every model, were tiny cameras.

At once the detectives were summoned, and the crooks made a confession. For some time they had visited all the big fashion houses, photographed the exclusive models, produced them cheaply, and, at the expense of the big designers, made a large sum of money.

And fashion designers are already preparing for the racketeers of the post-war fashion boom.

IS Newcombe's
Short odd—But true

Karma is the Buddhist belief that a man's destiny after death is decided by his actions through life, a natural effect of a natural cause. Bound up with the doctrine is the idea of successive existences.

Now almost extinct, the kiwi bird of New Zealand has neither wings nor feathers. Its body is covered with hair, and its beak has nostrils at the end.

One-legged Admirals, two-fisted Jockeys;—sportsmen all!

IN my discourse on amateur boxers and the governing body, that very good institution, the Amateur Boxing Association, I quoted the Association's definition of an amateur. This might convey the erroneous impression that amateurs are never permitted to box with professionals.

What it really means is that no amateur boxer must appear in the ring with a professional in public unless he has received permission to do so by the A.B.A.

It is very seldom that this permission is withheld and, if it is, you may be sure there must be a good reason. It is quite a common occurrence to see amateurs and professionals in the same ring at a bona fide charity show, many of them annual fixtures dating back a great number of years.

In the days of the old National Sporting Club, the manager, Peggy Bettinson, used to have an annual benefit. This was looked upon as one of the big nights of the season, and nearly all the amateur champions of spare time at their training quarters.

Similarly, there have been some fine exhibition bouts between amateurs and professionals at the annual Brighton tournament arranged by the late Harry Preston in aid of Sussex hospitals.

THE NAVY'S LOST LEG.

In addition to these there were always a number of contests that carried some particular interest at the time. Sportsmen famous in other spheres often challenged others to meet in the ring at this widely-known charity tournament.

There was the boxing

Admiral, who lost a leg at Jutland, if memory serves. He challenged a well-known surgeon-boxer, who had lost a leg in France. They put up a very good bout for two old warriors.

Jockeys have always been fond of boxing, and a few of them have been very proficient with the gloves. I think Pat Donoghue, son of the famous Steve, would have made his mark as a professional boxer if he had chosen to earn his living in the ring instead of in the racing stables.

One of the best jockeys in the ring was the late Brownie Carslake, an Australian, who spent the majority of his years in this country. Carslake rarely missed a big fight, and whenever any Australian boxers were appearing in this country he used to spend nearly all his spare time at their training quarters.

Carslake had many glove contests with his brother jockeys, and he took his training quite seriously.

During the previous war, when all the big races were held at Newmarket, Carslake made a match with one of his friends, and obtained professional help for his training.

Sam Russell, who was a first-class boxer in his day, and later a capable referee, was his tutor. On the day prior to a big meeting at Newmarket, Sam had given his pupil a gruelling work out at top speed. Next morning, when they met on the racecourse, Carslake was very glum.



A letter from Mary, P.O. Elvyn Summers

A BIG hello, Petty Officer Elvyn Summers, from your wife, Mary, whom "Good Morning" found busy writing to you in that bright little home at 10 Lupton House, Quarry Hill Flats, Leeds.

In a letter to Mary, your Mum down in Somerset says she had a nice birthday, although, of course, she missed you and Clifford, that young sailor brother of yours.

Clifford, by the way, recently made his first trip in a ship, and it will amuse an old salt like you to know that he is immensely proud about having been up to the crow's nest, but admits that he was seasick!

Mary was reminiscing about the last time she had her picture in the paper. Remember? The two of you were leaning out of the win-

dow when a photographer snapped you. How surprised you were to see the picture in a magazine!

Here's a closing message from her: "Keep smiling, dear; lots of love; see you soon."

Your letters are welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

Listen in to W. H. Millier—the fellow who knows the Glove Game

"I think we overdid it yesterday, Sam," he said. "I ache all over and my arms are like lead. I shall never be able to ride a winner to-day."

ARMS THAT LED.

Sam, who worked for his uncle, a well-known course bookmaker, thought it his duty to pass on the information thus imparted to him by the tired jockey.

As a result, Russell's uncle laid more generous odds against Carslake's mounts than would otherwise have been the case.

What he said to his nephew later in the day may well be imagined, when I add that Carslake very nearly went through the card. He rode more winners that day than on any day in his career. So much for the arms that felt like lead.

It was at the first Harry Preston tournament, following the end of the 1914 war, that Carslake had a contest with Evans, another jockey who was a fine boxer. The rivalry between this pair was tremendous, and the match proved to be the biggest draw ever staged at one of these charity shows. Thousands of Turf celebrities went to Brighton that night.

The amount of money that changed hands in bets was staggering, and it is to be doubted if any professional champions of the past ever had larger stakes than the aggregate of bets wagered on this boxing match between two jockeys.

Teddy Humphries, racing journalist and former boxing referee, was called upon to act as stakeholder. It was a pity he had not gone back to his old in French and English, and had love and had, instead, occupied the referee's chair. This chair was occupied by the famous referee, B. J. Angle.

Nobody would question the judgment of Mr. Angle. He had been a great amateur boxer in the days before the A.B.A. was formed in 1880.

WINNER WHO DIDN'T.

It was he who officiated as referee in the classic contest between Peter Jackson and Frank Slavin at the National Sporting Club. That was in 1892.

It may be gathered from this that he was not quite so sprightly at the time he refereed the match between the jockeys. Be that as it may, the fact remains that he must have confused the names.

He did not know the jockeys, and had probably never before seen them. He named Evans the winner, when it was patent to even the biggest noodle in the crowd that Carslake had won.

It was a great contest in its way, but Carslake was much stronger than his rival, and was the more experienced boxer. He won by such a distinct margin that it could only be concluded that Mr. Angle, in naming Evans as the winner, had mixed the names.

The thing that has always puzzled me is that nobody had the sense to suggest to that ancient autocrat that he had pressed the wrong button.

Poor old Teddy Humphries was in a stew. He knew, as everyone else knew, bar the referee, that Carslake had won in a canter, and he had to hand over the stakes to the wrong crowd.

As an old referee, he knew

that the decision of the referee was final, and as a stakeholder, he was only too well aware that the stakes had to be handed over to the man officially declared to be the winner.

That memorable night at Brighton was not among the happiest he had spent in a lifetime of sport.

Before leaving the subject of B. J. Angle and jockey boxers, I may as well add another yarn that might not again find such an appropriate moment as this for the spinning.

In the early days of Anglo-French contests at the National Sporting Club, Mr. Angle was called upon to act as referee simply because he was, at that time, the only arbiter who could speak French.

One evening he was sent for and asked to referee a contest between a French boxer and one of our own men. The visitor from France was also a jockey, and had made quite a name for himself on the other side of the Channel, where he was known as Sport Pickard.

It was as Sport Pickard that his name appeared on the N.S.C. programme. That he could box was at once evident.

FRENCH—FROM HOXTON.

His opponent was not long in realising that he could also punch a good deal harder than has weight warranted. He, therefore, took evasive action, and did quite a lot of holding, particularly on the blind side of the referee.

Mr. Angle had not been silent. He shouted repeated commands in French and English, and had doubtless duly impressed the members with his command of the French language, when the "Frenchman" suddenly addressed his opponent thus:—"Git orf, can't yer? Don't old."

As this choice piece of cockney phraseology was delivered at the top of his voice, the so-called Frenchman just brought the house down.

Only the referee, who had never been known to laugh, failed to see what the members had to laugh about.

"Sport" Pickard was a native of Hoxton, where the natives learn to box as soon as they can walk. He was an infant when he was sent to the racing stables at Chantilly, and he taught dozens of French lads the noble art of boxing.

Later, when he became too heavy to ride as a jockey, his knowledge of fisticuffs stood him in good stead. He was for many years one of our leading feather-weights, and in between times he would take engagements with circuses as a clown.

It was when boxing an exhibition bout with Joe Bowker, at one of Peggy Bettinson's benefit nights, that Pickard mixed some clowning with his boxing, and, not to be outdone in this connection, Bowker followed suit.

This was the start of a performance that has since been repeated with variations in every town in the Kingdom, and in many places on the Continent.

Their comic boxing bout was a winner from that moment, and it provided this pair with an income when, in the ordinary course of events, they had become too old for the ring.

30 MAR 1944

QUIZ for today

1. A gangrel is a nerve centre, part of a horse, boat, vagrant, juggler?
2. Who wrote (a) The Impregnable City, (b) The Eternal City?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Amethyst, Turquoise, Chameleon, Topaz, Opal, Emerald.
4. Where is the highest railway in the British Empire?
5. The Boy Scouts were founded in: 1888, 1898, 1908, 1918?
6. What were the Christian names of Henry VIII's wives?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Incubus, Imprimis, Isobar, Inheriter, Irruption, Ignoramous.
8. Who is the World's Fly-weight Boxing Champion?
9. What is the long distance average speed of a homing pigeon?
10. What is the seed of an oak tree?
11. What is the capital of Sweden?
12. What is the name given to cider made from pears?

Answer to Quiz in No. 302

1. Fruit.
2. (a) G. K. Chesterton, (b) Sinclair Lewis.
3. Good Friday is a movable date; others are fixed.
4. Shakespeare.
5. Haggis.
6. November 6.
7. Cantilever, Canticles.
8. Prince of Wales. "I serve."
9. Bath buns, Bath chaps, Bath Olivers.
10. Free on Board, and Free on Rails.
11. At Spitzbergen, 750 miles from North Pole.
12. Turner, Titian, Tintoretto, etc.

The book of books, the storehouse and magazine of life and comfort, the Holy Scriptures.
George Herbert
(1593-1633).

WANGLING WORDS—258

1. Put always in BIDGE, and get a famous "reporter."
2. Rearrange the letters in O SOUR HOPE, to make an institution (two words).
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: DUKE into EARL, KING into LEAR, ALONE into APART, SIDE into ARMS.
4. How many 4-letter and 5-letter words can you make from CHRISTIANITY?

JANE



An Indian Massacre

THE men we had picked up were the sole survivors of the garrison which we were on the way to relieve. By chance they had been absent from the post, they said, when the Jibura Indians had treacherously risen and massacred their comrades. The six soldiers had made their way along the riverbank until they could find a canoe. Jungle thorns had torn their clothes to shreds, and the poor fellows were very hungry.

Ammunition was served out, and the "America" went upstream at full speed. The Peruvian flag still floated above the clearing when we landed, but the place was deserted except for the dead. The bodies were scattered all over the place, and were already much decomposed. Some still lay in their hammocks. The Indians had cut the heads off the officers and their women and flung them yards away. The soldiers had not been mutilated.

All that was left alive was a cat and a parrot which had belonged to the captain's mistress. The cat had gone thin, and the parrot sat cackling on the branch of a tree.

A big grave was dug, and the dead officers, soldiers, wives and mistresses were all lowered into it. Then the new garrison lined up and fired volleys over the men they had come to relieve. The six survivors stood together, looking pretty shaken.

The new captain was not taking any chances. He had tall wooden watch-towers built at each corner of the camp, and mounted double sentries and outposts. On the way back I talked with the men who had escaped, and got a fairly clear idea of what had happened.

The Indians had grown friendly with the garrison, and used to bring in presents of game and native vegetables from the bush. In return, the soldiers made little gifts of canned goods, rice, beans, and small ornaments for the women. They gave the men powder and shot for their old-fashioned muskets, so that they could shoot monkeys, deer, and wild pigs.

In the end they trusted the natives so much that they

EL SEÑOR BURKY

The Exciting Life
Story of a
Roving Adventurer

PART XIII

taught them to work their own Mauser rifles, and allowed them to borrow a couple now and then to go hunting.

Now, the officers' wives and mistresses were white, or what passed for white in Peru. Therefore they had to have maids, cooks and washerwomen. So the officers selected the pick of the Indians' wives and daughters and commandeered them.

The soldiers saw no reason why they, too, should not be waited on, and helped themselves to what women were left. Then everyone was happy, except the Indians, and nobody worried about them.

Small garrisons in the tropics become very lazy. There is often no drill—nothing but eating, playing, and sleeping. In this case the officers felt so secure that outpost duty had ceased, and not one sentry was posted. The Indians wandered in and out of the soldiers' quarters at will.

On the day of the massacre everybody turned in for the customary siesta. Being familiar with the soldiers' habits, the Indians crept into the camp, rushed into the long dormitory, and seized the piled rifles and bayonets standing down the middle.

The whole garrison must have been wiped out within five minutes, many being killed in their sleep. The fact that only the officers and their women had had their heads cut off showed that these people were the object of special hatred, no doubt for being first to take the squaws.

The Jibura has the reputation of cannibal and head-hunter, but none of the victims had been eaten, and even the severed heads were left lying about. Still, it was a nasty business.

Soon after that the Government got into difficulties and could not pay the navy or the troops. We were able to get a little money on account, in my case two pounds at the end of every month. This caused ill-feeling, and when the food became scarce and uneatable a regiment of soldiers rose up and mutinied. Colonel Puente, the commanding officer, put down the rising without much difficulty.

Six of the ringleaders and a number of the lesser mutineers were put in irons and thrown into one of the big roofed barges called alberingas.

Colonel Puente wanted the ringleaders shot, but no one

wanted to carry out his orders, so Bruce, the chief engineer, was told to arrange the execution. Every week Puente sent a major overland to the Napo to see whether the executions had been carried out, and each time Bruce put him off with a different excuse, swearing that the mutineers would face the firing squad "Manana—manana." Puente began to get angry.

Then Bruce sent a message over to the "America," requesting that I might be lent to the gunboat to assist in straightening an eccentric rod. I knew that Bruce was quite able to do a job like that without any help from me, and guessed that there was more in it than met the eye. However, I went over to the Napo and had the whole position explained to me while emptying a bottle of pisco. Bruce said that the six condemned men were to face the firing party next morning, and that there might be some trouble afterwards. He had got me from the "America" because a friend might come in useful.

I told him that it was a dirty job and that he should have followed Mercado's lead and left the killing to someone else. But he only grinned, and advised me to mind my own business. We could see the barge plainly from where we sat, swinging gently in the middle of the moonlit river. The prisoners were singing some sad sort of song, but not very loud. I thought Bruce must be very anxious to hold his job if he was ready to butcher poor devils like that.

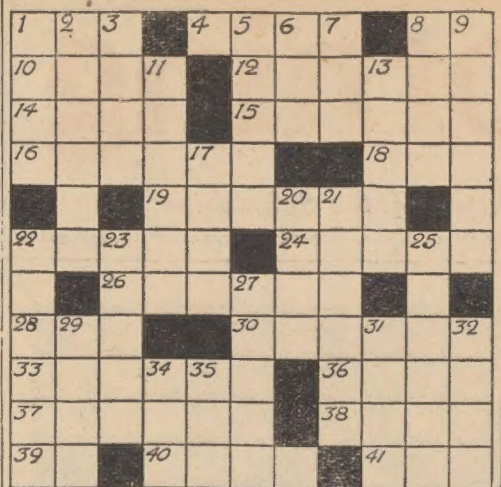
About ten o'clock next morning, the firing party, with rifles, spades, and three bulky sacks, boarded the launch. The six condemned mutineers were hauled out of the alberinga and taken ashore. Their clothes were in ribbons, and they stumbled and staggered up the bank, not having been able to stretch their legs for many months. The firing party fixed bayonets and marched the prisoners into the jungle, Bruce walking behind.

All work stopped on board the gunboat, and the whole ship's company crowded to the rail, talking in whispers and staring at the green wall of vegetation where the party had disappeared. Then the Mausers rattled out in a volley, and a lot of birds fluttered out of the tree-tops and circled round and round. Everybody of the Iquitos crossed themselves, and the remaining prisoners in the alberinga set up a howl. A few seconds later we heard a couple of shots from Bruce's revolver, finishing off with a merciful coup de grace those still alive. The crew crossed themselves again, and a sailor walked aft and lowered the ensign to half-mast, although no order had been given. The whole thing seemed cold-blooded, done in the bright sunshine.

About an hour later, Bruce and the firing party returned, and were issued with a respectable tot of rum all round. They did not seem much cast down by their morning's work, for I saw them grin-

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Word of concurrence.



- 4 Ship's spar.
- 8 A cry.
- 10 Girl's name.
- 12 Musical instrument.
- 14 Sort of axe.
- 15 Adept.
- 16 Close jacket.
- 18 Small.
- 19 Narrowing in pipe.
- 22 Crush small.
- 24 Hemmed in.
- 26 Press snugly.
- 28 Confess.
- 30 Deliver.
- 33 Daytime rest.
- 36 Country.
- 37 Expanse.
- 38 Old clothes.
- 39 Old pronoun.
- 40 Bird.
- 41 Tennis obstruction.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Space of time.
- 2 Make beloved.
- 3 Sticky substance.
- 5 Turn away.
- 6 Fasten.
- 7 Dandy.
- 8 Payment for use.
- 9 Earnest.
- 11 Mark out.
- 13 Sussex town.
- 17 Remnants.
- 20 Clever.
- 21 Sharper.
- 22 Shiny.
- 23 Interior.
- 25 Issue.
- 27 Barter.
- 29 Rub.
- 31 Watch face.
- 32 Others.
- 34 Stitch.
- 35 Seaman.

ABACK HEFTY
NAP ELIXIR
DRAWN VENUS
GRANGE ACT
SETTER FLEE
I CLARA E
RASH POUTER
ELM WHALER
NIECE STAGS
VARLET SOL
BERYL SUEVY

ning and joking as they drank their grog. Then I noticed that the spades bore no earth and no trace at all of recent use. I pointed this out to Bruce, and asked whether the dead men had been given burial. He went on cleaning his revolver and pretended not to hear my question. I asked again.

"Caramba, Burky, why should I bury such animals?" he shouted. "I'm an engineer, not a bloody sexton."

Details of the shooting spread all over the department of Loreto, and there was great public indignation. Bruce was ostracised and pointed out in the streets as the man who had shot his own countrymen. Puente left for the Argentine. Immediately after his departure it was found that 60,000 soles of Government funds had

unaccountably vanished. Later, Puente became Governor of Lima, with a mistress over at Miraflores not only younger than his wife, but younger than his daughter. All four were highly respected.

As for the six executed mutineers, they also turned up in Lima, looking none the worse for their execution. Everybody roared with laughter when they told how Bruce, having marched them out of sight of the gunboat, supplied them with food, dungaree suits, maps and compass, and explained how to reach Brazilian territory. The volley had been fired in the air just to add a little local colour. That explained the unused spades. I could not help grinning at the way Bruce had pulled my leg.

(To be continued)

ROUND THE WORLD

with our
Roving Cameraman



SO THIS IS HOW SAUSAGES GROW!

At any rate, they call it the Sausage Tree, although its real name is Kigelia Tinata, and it lives in Darkest Africa. In U.S.A., where they have cultivated it, they call it the Hot Dog Tree. Its "fruit" is about two feet long—and there are another two feet below, but they don't belong to the tree, and have less mystery about them than sausages ever had.

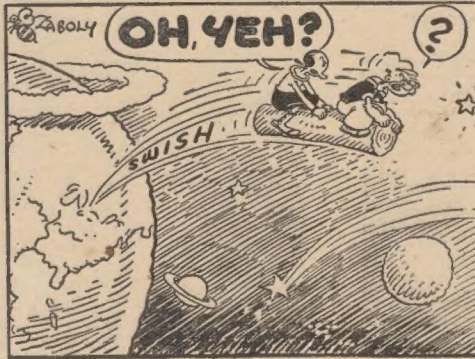
BEELZEBUB JONES



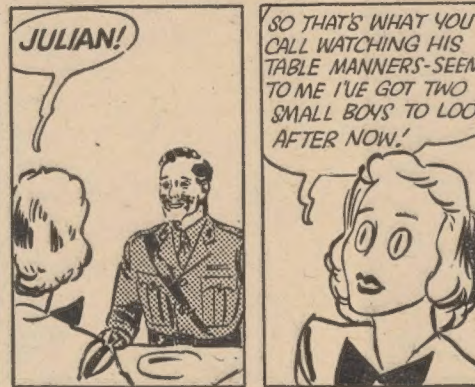
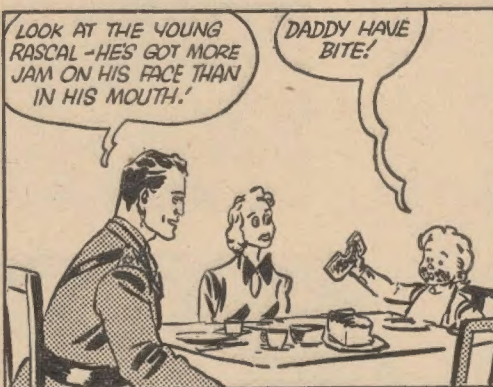
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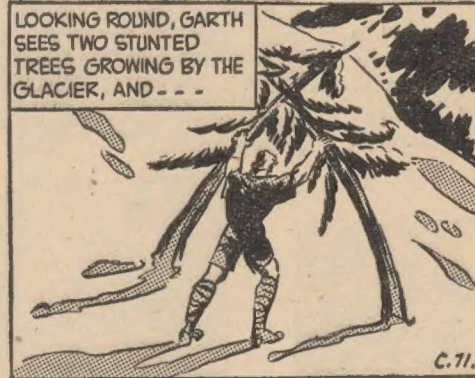
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



ARGUE THIS OUT FOR YOURSELVES

FEAR.

ALL over the world men fear for the future. Statesmen are doing their best to give us a world free from fear. That is good, but at best it is negative. The positive way is the re-discovery of the sanctity of human life. . . . It's high time we came back to first things, the simple things. And the simple truth is that to regard the creations of man, whether in art or industry, as more important than man himself is a false view of life. Its results go deeper than appear on the surface. It has been responsible for much of our misery in modern times. It poses for the modern world the old question: What does it profit us if we gain the whole world and we lose our sons from generation to generation?

Jack Lawson, M.P.

EUROPE'S REFUGEES.

A REPORT published by the International Labour Office estimates that there will be some thirty million people to be re-settled when the fighting in Europe comes to an end. I do not know whether that is an exaggeration. Nobody knows. But I do know that this refugee problem is the most tragic that men have ever been called upon to solve, that to millions of these people the end of the war will only start off a whole new series of fears and anxieties. Will their villages again become battlefields? Will they be able to find jobs after years of exile? Will the peace settlement change their nationality? Will they ever again be able to make contact with their relations and former friends?

Vernon Bartlett, M.P.

POPULAR RELIGION.

A GREAT many of the ideas about God which are trotted out as novelties to-day are simply the ones which real theologians tried out centuries ago and rejected. To believe in the popular religion of modern England is simply putting the clock back - like believing the earth is flat. For when you get down to it, isn't the popular idea of Christianity just this: That Jesus Christ was a great moral teacher, and that if we only took His advice we might be able to establish a better social order and avoid another war? Now, that is quite true. But it has very little to do with real Christianity and it has no practical importance at all.

C. S. Lewis.

PAYING TAXES.

IF there is one thing the working man really detests it is paying taxes, of any kind. He would far rather make less money than pay a small income tax. He would rather marry than pay a bachelor tax, as is now virtually the case. . . . The English working man greatly prizes his freedom. "Really!" the sophisticated progressive might feel inclined to say. "Fancy using that hollow old word! Don't you know that it merely means freedom to starve?" Apart from the fact that the State does not allow anyone to starve, the British working man would rather starve; he would certainly rather take a small dole than be ordered to do and do a job he doesn't like in some locality alien to him.

John Stewart Collis.

ON BEHALF OF EIRE.

NOT one of Ireland's political parties, churches, nor trade unions but is behind neutrality to a man. D'ail, Seand, people are all of one mind. If, then, democracies alone can take full national decisions, here is one that has made up its own mind, and who dares to challenge its right to do so? None can, without accepting a policy of throttle and grab. We hear no talk of Sweden betraying civilisation, nor of Switzerland letting down Christianity. All the vindictiveness against neutrals is reserved for Ireland.

Hilary C. J. Boyle (Co. Wicklow, Eire.)

SAVIORS OF SOCIETY?

DEMOCRACY is slow to awaken, and not too rapid to move. "One" may, like so many other self-appointed saviors of society, come to believe that "one" knows better than democracy what is good for it. A political leader, however, must possess the quality of estimating the degree of political and economic change it is possible to achieve in a specific time.

William Quin.

EMPTY CANADA.

WHEN one views in all their vast perspective the resources of the whole of Canada, the question of population begins to assume major proportions. Nearly all Canadians would agree that 11½ million is a completely inadequate figure. Various estimates have been given of the total population which Canada could support under optimum conditions of world economic organisation. They range from 35 to 150 millions. . . . How this is to be achieved is a matter for argument. That a carefully planned and properly safeguarded policy of immigration is a matter of necessity for Canada would be denied by few.

Basil Wright.

Good Morning



"O.K. I'll apologise, but you don't expect a day-old chick to act with discretion, do you?"

THE CALL TO ARMS

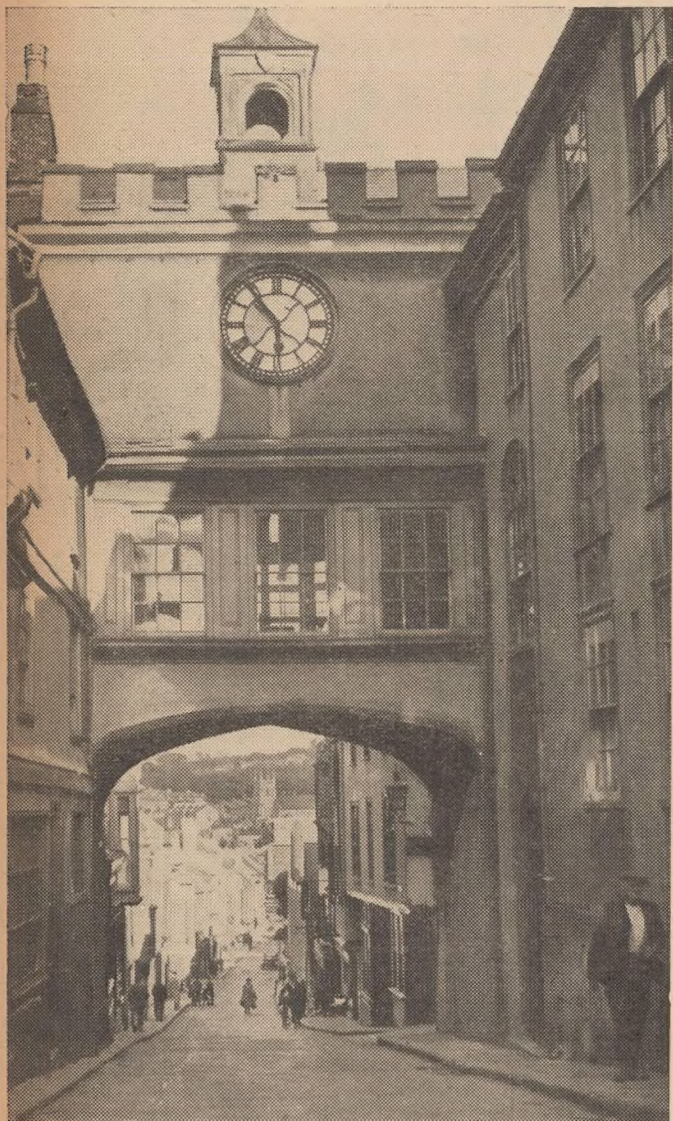
And this is film star Susan Hayward making it.



"YOU MAKE ME SICK TRYING TO LOOK LIKE A REAL ARTIST."



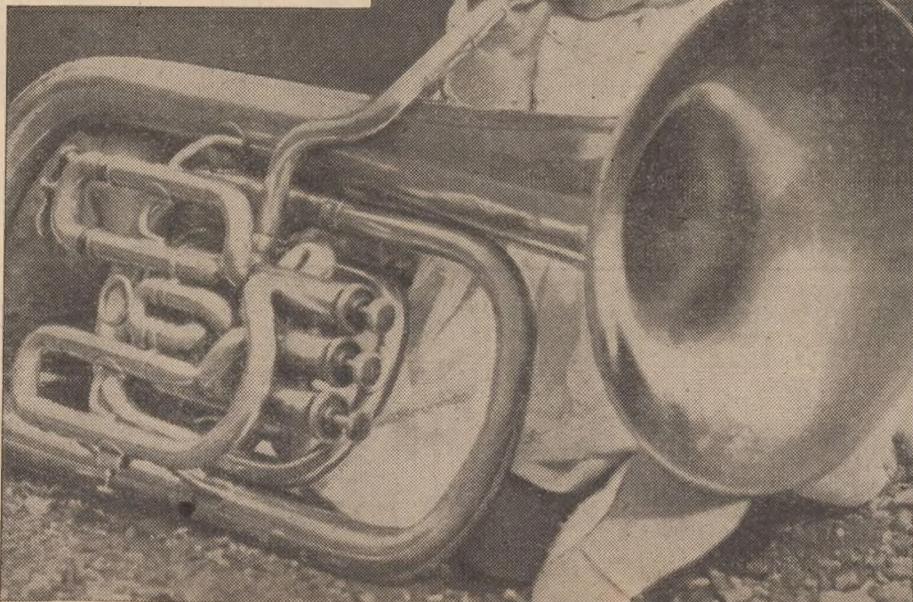
"YOUR VERY GOOD HEALTH, SIR!"



This England A favourite view of holiday-makers. Looking through the archway formed by Totnes (Devon) Town Hall, and down the main street into the country beyond.



"TRUNKS PLEASE"



"AW... BLOW IT, SISTER"

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"I don't like the sound of things."

